# ABSOLUTE ZERO.

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

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han had been a guiding wheel in the "machine" that misgoverned one of the longsuffering cities of the middle west. The police department was his, and he used it gine shed with a tall smokestack and an have used his mercenaries, but his end was at hand. The municipal elections were thand. The municipal elections were near and the citizens' reform league were the way to the house. There seemed no straining every herve to put up a decent living being about the valley, and he unticket, and incidentally (and successfully) locked the strongly-fastened door. to collect evidences of the misdoings of the

present holders of office. acting as one of the league's special deexperience with the government secret ser-

For many years Mr. Augustus Kearna- | saddle horses and rode up a very devious trail into the mountains, for nearly two hours. This brought us to a little valley where stood the rude buildings of what might have been a mine. There was an enmuch as a German baron of old might enormously long belt that ran over a couple

The single room seemed to have been designed partly as a laboratory and partly It was in this latter work that I had part, acting as one of the league's special detectives, for which I was qualified by some large windows, ran a long bench, littered with strange instruments in brass and vice. It was not long before we found good reason to suspect a most astonishing state some of the apparatus was broken, and of things: Kearnahan himself seemed to fragments of glass had been actually



"THE COLD BOX STOOD OPEN AND I DRAGGED HIM INTO IT."

have been in actual collusion with one or more gangs of "high-class" safeblowers and counterfeiters. As yet we had not sufficient proof to convict or even to serve as a campaign weapon, so we preserved an awful silence and had our man shadowed

Thus when he left town, ostensibly for Louis, I was detailed to follow him. He spent several hours most innocently in that city, and then took a ticket for Den ver, still in my unsuspected company. As we left the depot at the destination, ever I lost him in some unaccountable manner and could not pick up the trail. could not well call on the local detectives for help, but I went through the city as scientifically as I knew how and afterwards visited Leadville, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, without finding any clue. I was most mortifying, for his adroit disap pearance strengthened the presumption that he was engaged in shady transactions. Nearly three weeks I spent in rushing about the state and finally returned, discouraged and disgusted, to Denver.

At the hotel I glanced over the register for some time back, as is my habit, and found a name which interested me, though it was not that of the man I sought. Years ago I had known Carl Glenny at the University of Chicago, where he wa one of the most brilliant men in physical science they ever turned out a devourer of scholarships. He had made no friends. scarcely any acquaintances, owing to curiously stand-offish manner that he wore seemed to me, against his real nature. believe I was the only man with whom he had any intimacy, and he never invited me to his rooms, and always met me with something of the embarrassment of a shy lover keeping a tryst. It was not a question of poverty. He seemed to have plenty of money. The students simply considered him "queer," and let him alone, as he

him since leaving college, and here he was "Do you know whether Mr. Glenny in?" I asked the clerk.
"I'm pretty sure he is," was the reply.

"Are you a friend of his?" looking at me with some interest. "Why, I used to know him pretty well," I said cautiously

"We'd be glad to see any friend of Mr Glenny's," continued the clerk, still looking at me curiously. "He seems to be a stran-ger in town. He's been here for two or three weeks, and to tell the truth we're get ting a little uneasy about him-not afraid of his bill, you understand. But he don't seem quite right, somehow; hardly ever seems to eat or sleep, and seldom leaves the house. Maybe he's sick, but he looks well enough. Anyway, something seems to be troubling him badly, and we'd hate to have

anything happen in the house. You'd better go up and see him. Don't tell him that I said anything." So I went up. A bellboy showed me the room, and knocked. "Who is it? I can't see anybody," said a

"It's Billy Kirkman." I said. "Don't you remember me, Glen, at varsity?" A crack was opened and an eye appeared. then Glenny swung the door wide, dragged me in and slammed it after me.

"Lord, Kirkman, I'm glad to see you!" he cried, and repeated it. "Any friend-I never needed one more! I swear I couldn't think of a soul on earth to call on

He had changed greatly, and looked older, I thought, than he should have done. He had been a big, handsomely-built man, but he was stooped, his head showed patches of grizzle, and his face was pitifully lined. Moreover, his nerves were clearly in rags. He could not sit or stand still for a moment, and it seemed to me that he was gulping down a fit of hysterics as we shook hands. I did not much wonder that the

"You look run down," I remarked. "What's the matter?" "The matter? The matter?" he said, rather wildly. "Why, man, I'm rejoicing.

I'm a free man, pretty nearly for the first time since I can remember!" "You look it." I said. "Stop it!" He had burst into a roar of discordant laughter, rolling in his chair, and he kept

it up till I emptied the water pitcher over his head. Then he sat up dripping, and looked at me more sanely.

"Thanks," he said, serlously. "That was what I needed. But you've no idea how badly I've wanted help or advice. I say, you've got to come with me. I can't tell

melted into little pools on the burned table. "Nothing here," said Glenny, impatiently.
"This is just my workshop. Step on here, and we'll go below." Then I observed that in the center of the floor was a movable platform like that of a freight elevator. Glenny had lighted a

long candle and gave it to me to hold while he manipulated the rope that controlled the counterpoise, and we went down-down a dark shaft, twenty or thirty feet. Then the earth walls changed to stone, and in two minutes we touched the bottom.

We were in a chamber perhaps fifteen

feet square, hewn and blasted from the solid rock. At one side stood a small table, holding physical apparatus, among which I noticed a number of delicate thermometers. An iron shaft ran down, apparently from the room above, and connected with a small and complicated-looking machine in a corner. Close to this was a box-like trench, resembling a shallow grave, cut in the rock floor. Its massive metal lid was raised, and in the cavity lay some long object average with a blanket ject, covered with a blanket said Glenny, solemnly, "is my

evil angel.' "It looks very harmless," I said, more carelessly than I felt, and pulled off the

I shall never forget the shock. I hardly know what I had expected to find-perhaps a corpse. But there lay a marvelous statue of a man in solid gold, a little less than life size, and somewhat spongy-looking, but absolutely perfect. Every hair, every thread of the clothing was duplicated in the precious metal that glittered in the candle light. But at the moment I scarcely realized the miracle of its workmanship and material, for the form and features were those of Augustus Kearnahan.

"In heaven's name!" I ejaculated, "is this a mine? Do you mean to say that you cast that statue yourself? Do you know that it's the most wonderful thing ever done?" "I dare say," said Glenny. "I knew you wouldn't believe unless you saw it. But it isn't a statue; it can't be called anything but a corpse—at any rate it's all that re-mains of the man. Do you know him?"
"I know the face," I cried. "But this is

"Yes," he said. "I'll tell you all about it. I wanted you to see for yourself. You probably didn't know that I was once something of a cracksman, dld you?" 'I certainly did not."

"It was before I was twenty, and I was quite a success at it. That was how I came to know him," pointing at the golden image that regarded the roof with a yellow stare. "He kept a gambling house in New Orleans then and produce the start of Orleans then, and one night I tried to get into his safe with some tools of my own invention, and he came down and caugh me in the act. Greatly to my surprise, he did not have me arrested, but after a long talk over a revolver barrel, he let me go.
"That was the beginning. Nobody can

think worse of Kearnahan than I do, but he had more foresight and shrewdness than any other man I ever knew. I was arrested a month later for another affair, and he balled me out and then told me to jump my bail and go north, where he would look after me. It seems that he detected my scientific bent before I discovered it myself, and he sent me to a good school, where they hammered mathematics and elemen-tary science into me, and finally matriculated me for Chicago University, where you saw me. I don't want you to fall in love, take to drink, make any friends or get religion, he said to me. 'Outside of that you can do as you d- please, and call

on me for the price. I know you've got the "It seemed that I had. You remember the way I went through practical and theoretical physics. I seemed to have a pe-culiar knack for the work, and I never was head for what I want.' happier in my life, except for his prohibion against making friends. I felt too much gratitude, however, to disobey him in anything, but I never could understand

the reason for it, or for his befriending me at all-till I graduated. "Then he sent for me to his own city, where he had just got himself appointed chief of police, and I found that he had been quietly collecting evidence of all my youthful misdeeds, enough to get me a good twenty years in the prisons of two or three states. He said blandly that he wouldn't bring these things to light

coining, chemical erasers for bank notes and checks, electric drills and blowpipes for safe cracking—I had them all. I did good work, too, and I am ashamed to say that it wasn't very long before the scien-tific side of the work began to eclipse the moral, in my mind. I had plenty of time for private experimenting besides, and Kearnahan bought the costliest apparatus for me without a kick. He said I was worth \$20,000 a year to him, and, in fact, I believe that some of the cleverest robberies

of that period owed their success to me.

"But the more I came to know of my master the more I loathed him. He never made any pretensions to piety, even in his public life. public life, you know; he posed as a 'sport,' but his private life was a thing to turn the stomach of a beast. He wallowed in every sort of vice, and how he managed to keep to come to my laboratory and talk—Lord!

I sicken to think of it!"

"You never seem to have heard of the thing called state's evidence," I remarked.
"Yes, but I had no direct proof, and he "Yes, but I had no direct proof, and he had it all straight against me. Besides, I knew that the influence of his 'ring' extended even to the courts, in a greater or less degree. Well, it was cowardice, I confess, but I daren't risk it. As I got to know the breadth and depth of that man's unholy power I was half-cowed, and I tried to think of nothing but science—till a new stimulus came to me." new stimulus came to me."

Glenny stopped and was silent for half a minute. The winking candle glittered on that strange yellow effigy, and queer reflections danced on the dark walls.

"Except for its intellectual interests, my life has been bare and graceless to an un-imaginable degree." he went on at last. "I imaginable degree," he went on at last. "I hardly realized its coloriessness myself till a woman came into it—if you believe me— for the first time. Kearnahan never knew of my acquaintance with the Lesoirs. He wasn't in their class, and I would have felt it profanation to mention Helen's name in his brutal presence. She was the brightest thing that ever touched my existence. Man, you must remember what my life had been—the slums and the gutter and the thieves' hangout till I was twenty, and nothing but retorts and crucibles after

that!

"I couldn't see her often, but she came to care for me—I know she did. Then—I had been going on in a sort of golden dream—then I seemed to wake up to the horror of my position. I was nothing better than a slave, chained down to crime. I would have cut my throat sooner than have dragged Helen into the net that held me, but rebellion meant the prison that would shut bellion meant the prison that would shut me off from her forever.

"I tried hard to break the cords. I plotted and planned till I almost went gray, but I could find no opening for escape. Those waiting years of imprisonment—I couldn't dodge them. I concluded that I had better lie low for earlier had better lie low for awhile and wait for an opportunity. To go up for trial meant never to see her again. I knew that! And now I've lost her, forever and to all eterni-ty!" He ended his sentence with a sort of

dry gasp.

"Well, I turned back hard to work, and moved out here. I needed a laboratory out of the reach of the jar and vibration of a city. I was working upon the production of law temperatures, for we had an idea that low temperatures, for we had an idea that by the use of liquid air in some way steel could be made as brittle as glass, and a safe door could be cracked with a hammer. It was interesting, but I presently stumbled upon a discovery that promised greater things yet nothing less than the production things yet, nothing less than the production of the Absolute Zero.

"That, you must know, is the tempera-ture at which all heat is absent. It is about 275 degrees centigrade, and has never even been approached by science. A lump of matter at the Aboslute Zero would be dead, as no created substance has ever been absolutely deprived of energy of any sort. Its atoms would only hold together by mere inertia, and would be liable to be broken up by any shock. I speculated a good deal as to what form matter would assume in such a state. It would be simply matter, deprived of all its attributes, more fron or earth than flesh or water. I could not even decide whether it would be visible or not.
"I had the underground cell built to get

as far from vibration as possible, and moved the engine shed to a greater distance. You wouldn't understand my ex-periments if I described them, but I worked for two or three months before I saw my way clear. I had already obtained tem-peratures lower than had ever been before obtained. Liquid air I employed largely, but liquid air was boiling oil compared to some of the ghastly fluids I distilled under tremendous pressure and cold.

"Two months ago I arranged my apparatus for the great attempt. That stone trough in the floor was the 'cooling box,' and I put haif a dozen ordinary bricks in it, locked the lid and started the machinery. For an hour I watched the self-regis-tering the mometers go down. Down they went-200 degrees, 250 degrees, 265 degrees -and then they ceased to work: I let the experiment go on for an hour more, and then held an electric bulb over the glass window in the lid and peeped in.

"Just for a moment I saw the pile of bricks exactly as I had left them. Then at the flash of light they seemed to move, alized the transformation they were white as marble, and considerably larger. I raised the lid, but the gush of white variated to expand, to turn pale, and before I repor and awful cold that came out drove me hurriedly up the shaft in the lift. When the place had warmed a little I returned. Instead of the bricks I found half a dozen blocks of solid ice, brick-shaped, but nearly a third larger.

I had half expected something of the sort. It had been a success. The rays of the electric lamp had broken up the atoms of dead matter into a new moecular arrangement, which happened to be that of water. The increase in bulk simply represented the difference in the specific gravities of the old and the new compounds.

"It was certainly the greatest scientific feat of the century, and my state of excitement and triumph is hard to describe. Moreover, the practical possibilities of the thing were enormous, unlimited. If bricks could be turned to water, stones could be turned to diamonds; it was only a ques-tion of finding the right sort of shock to apply to the deadened matter. So I devoted myself to the problem of ascertaining what sort of shocks produced certain results, and I worked at it for weeks. I had the terminals of an induction coil run into the cold box, and used sparks of different intensities as agents. But I could not arrive at any accurate results; the chilled matter seemed to take one turn as readily as another. Lumps of rock changed to ice or carbon readily, sometimes to lead, sometimes to air, and once I nearly blew up the whole place by suddenly producing several thousand feet of a highly expansive gas. But I never got anything of any intrinsic value.

"I had totally neglected Kearnahan's not arrive at any accurate results; the "I had totally neglected Kearnahan's

work for some time, and one morning as I was at work in this dungeon I was startled to see him letting himself down by the lift. It was the first time he had ever visited my mountain laboratory, though he had written several times. I had al-most forgotten how I loathed him. But I remembered when I saw in his hand a photograph of Helen Lesoir which had

hung on my wall upstairs.

"'Devil of a place you've got here,' he said. 'How about the work on chilled steel? I see you've got Miss Losier's photo. Fine girl. "I simply glared at him without saying

anything. " 'I didn't know you knew her. Remem ber, I warned you against falling in love. I won't have you marrying, not this girl anyway. "Why not?" I said.

"Because I'm going to marry her my-self, he grinned.
"I believe he lied, but I was in no state of mind to balance propabilities. The man appeared to me as a pernicious reptile, that it would be an act of grace to kill. I sprang at him barehanded, and he flung a beauty glass actors estately. chief of police, and I found that he had been quietly collecting evidence of all my youthful misdeeds, enough to get me a good twenty years in the prisons of two or three states. He said blandly that he wouldnt bring these things to light just at present, though, as he had some work he wanted me to do, and he proposed to establish me in a laboratory of my own in St. Louis.

"Of course I jumped at the opening. I had hoped to spend my life in scientific work, and I would rather have faced death than twe vity years of penal servitude just I would have returned and let him out presents."

I would have returned and let him out presents when the stone floor. I thought he was dead, but after a moment I discovered that he was alive, but badly stunned. The cold box stood open, for I had just finished preparations for an experiment, and I dragged him into it, muttering, I remember, 'Stay there!' Stay there!' and shut down the lid.

"I swear that I had no sober notion of killing the man. If I had been in my senses I would have returned and let him out presents."

you?"

Half an hour later we were on an evening train for Limestone, where we spent the night. Gienny was excited and moody by turns, but he would give me no hint of the cause. Next morning we hired two

gangs of expert safe crackers and counterfetters, and he wanted to apply modern science to these industries. He never accompanied the gangs on their raids, you understand, but he supplied the capital and acted as 'fence,' and got hold of most of the profits.

"I rebelled, of course, but what could I do? I've often wondered since what I ought to have done. The prison blocked every road but one. In short, I succumbed and went to work, and nice work it, was! There was no sort of lawless implement that I didn't handle. Molds and dies for coining, chemical erasers for bank notes and checks, electric drills and blowpipes for safe cracking—I had them all. I did

o'clock. I looked at my watch; it was half-past 10.

"I hardly dared to think what might have happened. I had just reached the door of the house when the world seemed to turn to white fire. I was knocked down on the threshold, and distinctly felt the earth quake at the fearful peal of thunder that came with the flash.

"Put the discharge had missed me, after

"Put the discharge had missed me, after all. It had struck our lightning arrester, and when I got up dizzly and went into the hut I saw the ravage it had made. Jumping from the conductor, it had smashed and melted the instruments, split and scarred the table, and finally seemed to have gone down the electric wires leading

underground.
"I went down, and then returned to lift the lid of the cold box by the tackle that ran above. When I descended again the lid stood open, but there was no corpse there—nothing but what you see.

"The horror of the thing almost upset my mind. I couldn't touch the golden image. I covered it up, paid off and dismissed my enginemen and went to Denver, where you enginemen and went to Denver, where you found me. I was free of my tormentor, but I had become a murderer. I didn't dare think of Helen. What to do I didn't know. I think I would have shot myself if you hadn't turned up."

"On the contrary," I said, "It seems to me that you should feel that most of your troubles are done with."

So I argued the case with him for an

roubles are done with."

So I argued the case with him for an hour in that cold cavern in the rock over the yellow image. Finally he cheered up a little, and consented to adopt my view.

"Tell her the whole story as you have told it to me," I advised. "If she's any good, she'll stick to you. Report the whole affair to the authorities, and take what they give you. But I think I can safely promise that you won't be badly treated." that you won't be badly treated."
"And what will we do with this?" said

Glenny, pointing to the image.
"I would remark," I said, "that you are a poor man now, and that you have here almost a hundred and eighty pounds of ex-cellent gold, worth some \$40,000 at the

"Never," he declared. "I could as soon rob a grave. No, wait. I have a better plan. Let's see if the engines are in work-ing and?" ing order."

They appeared to be, and I got up steam with an enormous expenditure of time and unskilled labor, while Glenny busied himself with numerous occult preparations. Finally, we started the apparatus and waited.

After an hour the machinery was stopped and we raised the lid of the cold box by the rope and tackle in the upper chamber. A freezing blast swept up the shaft, fol-lowed by a cloud of white vapor. Its touch made me shudder. I hardly knew why Glenny was pale and impatient.

Presently we went below. There was nothing in the box, absolutely nothing.
"Melted to air!" he muttered. "Melted to air! My God, Kirkman, from this day I never touch these devil's arts again."
Then we ascended the shaft for the last time and went out to where the horses were stamping under the pines.

### EVILS OF EATING ALONE. Dyspepsia Likely to Result From Unsociability.

From the London Lancet. At a time like the present, when the marrying age of the average man of the middle classes is being more and more postponed, the physical ills of bachelordom come increasingly under the notice of the medical man. It is not good for man or

woman to live alone. Indeed, it has been well said that for solitude to be successful a man must be either angel or devil. This refers perhaps mainly to the moral as- ment, and her only grief is that life is too among the disadvantages of loneliness. Of these there is many a clerk in London, many a young barrister, rising perhaps, but not yet far enough risen; many a business man or journalist, who will say that one of the most trying features of his unmarried life is to have to eat alone, And a premature dyspepsia is the only thing ever takes him to his medical man.

There are some few happily disposed in dividuals who can dine alone and not eat too fast, nor too much, nor too lit-tle. With the majority it is different. The average man puts his novel or his newspaper before him and thinks that he will lengthen out the meal with due deliberation by reading a little with and more between the courses. He will just employ his mind enough to help and too little to interfere with digestion. In fact, he will provide that gentle mental accompaniment which with happier people conversation gives to a meal. This is your solitary's excellent idea. In reality he becomes engrossed in what he is reading, till suddenly, finding his chop cold, he demolishes it in a few mouthfuls, or else he finds that he is hungry, and, paying no attention to the book, which he flings aside, he rushes through his food as fast as possible, to plunge into his armchair and literature afterward. In either case the lonely man must digest at a disadvantage.

For due and easy nutrition food should be slowly taken and the mind should not be intensely exercised during the process. Everyone knows that violent bodily exercise is bad just after a meal, and mental exertion equally so. Wise people do not even argue during or just after dinner, and observation of after-dinner speeches will convince anyone that most speakers neither endure themselves not excite in their hearers any severe intellectual effort. In fact, the experience of countless generations, from the red Indian of the woods to the white-shirted diners of a modern party, has perpetuated the lesson that a man should not eat alone, nor think much at this time, but should talk and be talked to while he feeds. Most people do not think much when they talk, and talking is a natural accompaniment of eating

and drinking. How does it fare with the many solitary women of today? No better, we know, than with the men, but differently. Alone or not, a man may generally be trusted at any rate to take food enough. (We suppose, of course, that he can get it) With a woman it is different. She is more emotional, more imaginative and less inclined to realize the gross necessities of existence Therefore the woman doomed to dine alone as often as not does not dine at all. She gets dyspepsia because her digestion has not sufficient practice; a man gets it because his functions practice it too often in the wrong way. Men and women are gre-garious animals. Physically and intellectually we improve with companionship Certainly it is not good to eat and to drink alone. It is a sad fact of our big cities that they hold hundreds of men and women who in the day are too busy and at night too lonely to feed with profit, much less with any pleasure less with any pleasure.

### Doubly Apologetic. From the Chicago Tribune.

The North Side street car gave a sudden lurch as the gentleman-there was no mistaking the fact that he was a gentlemanstepped aboard, and he trod on the toe of a gruff and crusty citizen of ample proportions who was sitting near the door. "I beg your pardon," he said. "The car

started so quickly I lost my balance."
"It's mighty strange," grumbled the large man, "that people come blundering into a car like that without looking to see whos feet they're stepping on!"
"Now, sir," said the other, politely rais ing his hat, "I beg your pardon for having

begged your pardon. And as he seized a strap and beamed smilingly on the crusty citizen a faint cheer went up from the other passengers.

# Gentlemen.

From Life. .

"You don't know how to make love," sneered the Gentleman of the Old School. "No," laughed the Gentleman of the New School, "I leave all that to the women. I have need only to make money."

Natural Inference. From the Chicago News. Full Back-"The rival captain says h

will clean up the field in tomorrow's Quarter Back-"H'm! He must be going to use his scrub team."



VIOLET AND GREEN NEGLIGEE-A DECORATIVE PETTICOAT AND JACKET.

Year Bargains.

RIDICULOUSLY LOW FIGURES HOLD

Inexpensive but Beautiful Laces in Present Vogue.

DANCING CLASS FROCKS

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

NEW YORK, January 2, 1902. This is the moment when the bargain hunter plays her trump card. She has bided her time through November and December, but the first of the year always finds her calmly picking up, at half price exactly, the good things in hats and gowns that were left over from the rush season. Not only does she buy at half price from the furs to shoe strings, but she shops in peace and comfort and plenty of elbow room.

### Ideal Negliges.

Just at the moment she is making thoughtful choice in the lingerie departpects of isolation, and with these we have short to admit of the possibility of one's now no concern. There are certain phy- wearing at least ten perfect wrappers in a sical ills, however, which are not the least single winter. One that is cut just in half trated as a typical neglige of this season. It is made of violet blue nun's veiling, tucked into a bolero of stem green velveteen. The throat, bottom and sleeves of the bolero are bordered with points of well imitated Irish lace, and from the base of



its open neck falls a shower of green velvet ribbon streamers, on some of which tiny steel slides are drawn. A sketch is given of this graceful garment, along with a decorative petticoat and jacket for wear at one's bedroom break-

fast. These also were among the things marked down, though they echoed the very

latest idea from Paris. The skirt is on Du

DANCING CLASS COSTUMES,

CUT PRICES NOW Barry pink taffeta, with a deep flounce of white point esprit, which is topped with ten rows of black baby velvet ribbon, edged with two little knife-pleated ruffles of taffets and little knife-pleated ruffles of taffets. feta and decorated with the flowers cut from taffeta and chain stitched onto the net Thrifty Women May Buy Real New flounce. A handkerchief corset cover, trimmed with Parls point lace, is worn over the



Spring Model From Paris.

with red China silk, bordered with bands of black Belgian hare, and finished about the neck with a yoke of coarse string colored lace.

# Bargain Counter Lace.

Lace by the way was never so beautiful and inexpensive as at this very moment, nor has it ever been more enthusiastically worn. The bargain hunter buys it because she recognizes the possibility of utilizing every inch she can get on the toilets of next spring and because even now, on her and her small daughter's frocks, she can renovate marvelously by mere applications of bands and collars here and there. If there has been a dominant lace this season that of Irish make deserves first place. The most exquisite, tiny calling and reception toques have been made solidly of Irish lace, with decorations of fur and brilliants, and one way of giving the now decidedly commonplace velveteen or cordu roy frock an air of freshness and elegance is to adorn its simple outlines with broad bands and applications of deep cream Irish

# Lace and Velveteen.

One of the most effective methods of doing this is set forth in a single figure sketch of a mint green velveteen frock, suitable for a hostess on her reception day. Cut en princesse, this would have been sternly sember, indeed, had not its able designer purchased liberally at a sale of admirably imitated Irish lace and applied this in flat bands to the front, base, sleeves and collar of her robe, and lent it thereb an air of the most studied elegance. So strong is this feeling for lace that at the season's dances no debutante wears other than a lace-trimmed toilet, and often enough a gown made wholly of imitation Mechlin, Valenciennes, or, what is very recent and charming, an overdress and body of the finest torchon. This delicate web of linen threads is dropped over a faintly colored satin that is first veiled with chiffon before the lace is slipped upon it.

# The Popular Veil.

The strenuousness of our winter weather has persuaded womenkind to the universal adoption of the chiffon vell, worn with and above their veils of Russian net, Dark



blue and nut brown vells of this make ar more or less in evidence, but the veil of universal wear is black chiffon, very thin of quality, and absurdly embroidered in white or colored rings. In November these

rings were no bigger than the circumference of an ordinary glove button, but they have grown until the proper veiling is spattered with circles well nigh as large as Salurn's famous views

saturn's famous rings.

Sometimes a veil decorated with double and interlaced rings is seen, and instead of being embroidered on these circles are sometimes described by loops of very fine black, gray or white chenille. It was not to be expected that the outer veil could be

so elaborately adorned to the neglect of the fine black netting underneath. The woman who attends to the details of her tollet wears at present a veil of peculiarly fine black net, sprinkled closely with dots of white net, each one of which is encircled in a closely twisted black and white cord.

While we cover our faces from the blast we uncover our not less sensitive feet, and fall heir to hideous colds by wearing slip-pers on the street. In the house black

pers on the street. In the house black suede slippers, very high in the heel and sprinkled with the finest jet beads, are of all smart things the smartest; in the street brave vanity demands low-cut walking slippers of dull calf or varnished leather, held with a pair of large, highly polished brass buckles, over the instep.

Dresses for the Small Fry.

Even the little girls are, in a measure,

allowed to follow this dangerous lead of

their sisters and mothers; at least within

doors, for no little woman thinks her tollet complete unless it includes well-shaped.

high-heeled, black suede slippers. If she is

an observing girl, with precocious notions as to dress, she insists upon the use of lace in the decoration of her best dress. How very attractively lace can be applied to juvenile tollets is shown in the group of three young ladies arrayed for their dancing class. The eldest states is reasonable.

ing class. The eldest sister is in pearl gray cashmere, pin tucked on waist and

skirt, both of which are brightened by folds of pale blue Venetian satin. Her collar and sleeve caps are made of heavy ecru Cluny lace, and a tiny turquoise buckle

Cluny lace, and a tiny turquoise buckle holds the satin ribbon fast at her waist. The elder of her companions is in white Chinese silk, laid in heavy horizontal and diminishing pleats, and her waist and over-dress are of imitation Irish point. The third dancer is a study in white and scar-let for her little white nun's veiling frock

let, for her little white nun's veiling frock is brightly embroidered in scarlet berries.

with russet leaves, and stitched bands of scarlet taffeta form the finishing touches.

A Spring Motif.

Already with the snows of January whit-

ening the world we are able to prognosti-

cate the glories of the spring. As a matter

of fact the first spring model from Parls

arrived in America a week ago. A glimpse

of it is given to show how little change a year of fashion has to bring us. This mo-tif for March is an etude in yellow. That is what its Parisian designer called it, for

in Paris, so that wireless telegraphy called gossip says, the effort is all going to tend

toward the insinuation of yellow in all its tones as a popular spring color. However

that may be, this is a lovely frock and sim-ple as a first spring gown should be. Its

pie as a hist spining gown should be the skirt is of a perfectly new tone of extremely soft cashmere, showing gray tints, changing to soft golden tones in the folds.

A waist of heavy surah silk figured in a

broad design of yellow stripes with green leaves on a warm yellow background, is

cut with jacket fronts to reveal a vest of soft gray transparent crepe de chine over a yellow lining. Bands of the figured silk adorn the bottom of the skirt, and the wide gray taffeta hat is veiled with yellow chiffon and adorned with a ruche of tullps.

MARY DEAN.

A Graceful Bolero.

A graceful bolero costume of pastel blue

frieze which can be easily made at home is

trimmed with broad stitched strappings of

the same shade in glace silk. The bolero

and upper part of the skirt are also cord-

ed, or silk cordings can be laid on if pre-

A godet flounce is added at the back and

sides, but the front is cut in one length.

The bolero barely reaches to the waist at the back, but is longer in front and very effective stiffened tabs turn out from the front in rever fashion. This is a lovely

gown for smart afternoon functions and

can be supplemented by a warm cape or

wrap for the street, or it is just suitable

to wear with the large pelerines of fur

which are among this winter's novelties.

A Visiting Costume.

This smart costume of the softest and

silkiest pearl gray broadcloth is trimmed

with bias bands of velvet of the same

shade. The walst is made blouse fashion,

with a soft front of turquolse blue and

gold. The sleeves are of the popular bishop

shape and have embroidery on the cuffs.

To take one instance-neuralgia. Does it ever occur to you young ladies how largely this is due to the indiscriminate eating of

Girls, as a rule, eat a great many more

sweets than are good for them, and, what is worse, they often eat them at the wrong time-1. c., just before or midway between meals. The consequence is that when luncheon or dinner time comes they have hardly any appetite. Commonplace beef and mutton

most unattractive, they can hardly touch such things, and no wonder. The "cara-mels" and "fondants" and "creams" they have been eating all the morning have turned, as "sweetles" have an awkward trick of doing, into acid in the stomach, and when your stomach is full of acid you may bid adieu to any relish for wholesom

"But," you may say, "what has this to do with neuralgia? Doesn't it come from

Not always, certainly not. Strong peo-ple, whose blood is healthy, can stand a lot of cold and even damp without getting neuralgia. If, however, your system is run down because you are not sufficiently nour-ished, then you are open to all sorts of neuralgic attacks, and in spite of the pos-session of a good cook and a well stocked larder you may be half starved by reason of your digestive apparatus being out of

gear.

Want of appetite is often the direct precursor of neuralgia, and many a girl is the
destroyer of her own healthy appetite for
plain, wholesome food because she spends
all her pocket money in the "sweetshop."

Some girls begin their sweet eating even
before they get up in the morning and eat before they get up in the morning and eat sugar things in bed the last thing at night. They should be warned in time against such a foolish practice, for they will assuredly damage their good looks as well as their health.

An acid state of the stomach is mon cause of that very unpretty thing, a red nose. Acid secretions ruin the ename of the teeth. Toothache is largely due to this cause, and once the teeth begin to go the bloom of the youthful face soon follows.